

## Baffled Spain's Spies.

A Former Secret Service Agent's Account of How He Got the Carranza Letter and Other Documents from the Spanish Agents in Montreal.

Late one night, some time in the middle of May, 1898, while I was working out of the New York office of the Secret Service division of the Treasury Department, I received directions to go to Montreal by the first train and ascertain what arrangements had been made for operations during his absence abroad by Senor Polo, who had been Minister from Spain at Washington.

The next night, about 9 o'clock, I arrived at the Balmoral Castle hotel, Montreal. The following day was Sunday and little could be done beyond making calls at the several hotels. At the Windsor I learned that Senor Polo had left Montreal on the previous Friday with most of his party, but that two of his aides had remained to assist the Spanish Consul-General, Eusebio de Bonille y Martell, whose residence was 1248 Dorchester street.

It was then impolitic to ask the names of the gentlemen remaining but in the evening it was easy to distinguish them in the hotel corridor by their nervous manner. They were Senor Ramon Carranza, lately Spanish Naval Attaché at Washington, and Senor du Bose, the former Secretary of Legation, and they formed part of a group of French Canadians, which included Mayor Prefontaine and other city officials. Among the most frequent callers at the Windsor Hotel was one C. N. Blakely, at that time connected with the Dominion Line office, and formerly, for ten years, Spanish Consul General at Montreal. I found him useful later on.

A day or two after this while passing through Dorchester street, I observed a middle-aged woman coming out of 1248. Having nothing better to do, I shadowed her to 153 Hutchinson street. The door of this house bore the name-plate of "Dr. Simpson." I rang the bell after she had entered, and my ring was answered by a servant, who told me that the woman was Mrs. Simpson and that she rented houses, furnished and unfurnished, to the "upper class of people."

It then occurred to me that perhaps the Spanish Consul intended to move, and the next morning I called on Mrs. Simpson, inquiring what she had to let in the West End, or, as it is called there, Westmount. I assumed to be an Englishman, and, with monotonous London clothes, a cockney accent and references of the best, soon convinced her that I would be a desirable tenant, after which she gave me a list of houses that were for rent and the keys to several.

From the information obtained that day it was apparent that the Spaniards contemplated leaving the Windsor and taking a furnished house. By hard work I found that they were negotiating for a house at 42 Tupper street. It was the residence of George Marler, a broker. Later that same night I went over to the West End and located the house. It was an ideal selection for the Spaniards, being detached, with an alley running on one side and along the back of the lot. My next move was to get inside and obtain a knowledge of the floor plans. So I called on Mrs. Simpson again telling her that none of the houses looked at would answer. Incidentally I mentioned that a friend had told me about a house which an acquaintance of his desired to rent furnished, and then I named the Marler house as the one in mind.

"Oh, but that house is already rented," said Mrs. Simpson. "Two foreign gentlemen have taken it."

"Ah," said Mr. Donaldson (Robert Donaldson was the name assumed by me at that time), "are they there for the season?" "Only for six weeks."

"Very good," said Donaldson. "My folks cannot possibly be here until July. It might be permitted to see the house?"

Mrs. Simpson thought it could be arranged and telephoned then and there asking if she might send a prospective tenant to see the house. The reply was favorable.

That night I had 42 Tupper street under surveillance until 1 a.m. It was very warm, and the tenants had the windows wide open. From the position I had taken I could see with the aid of a good pair of binoculars, that they were examining maps and writing letters. Prompt action was evidently necessary, but realizing that if I went to the house alone suspicion would be aroused, I determined to look for some persons who could follow instructions. The

following morning in passing through Victoria Square, I noticed a portly, happy looking gentleman, whose face seemed familiar. He was accompanied by a woman I shadowed them a short distance, when I remembered that I had known him in California as an operatic star. They brought up at the Queen's Theatre, entering the stage door. Later I learned that they were T. Wilmott Eckert and his wife, Emma Berg, and that they were doing a musical sketch, "Master and pupil." Then I knew who the man was. About 10 o'clock the next morning I noticed Mr. Eckert at the newstand. He wore a miniature American flag in the lapel of his coat. When I saw that I addressed him and renewed our acquaintance.

After a little he invited me to his apartments, where he introduced me to his wife. Before I left them the plans of a visit to 42 Tupper street were gone over and arrangements made for a meeting the next day.

About 11 o'clock the following day Robert Donaldson, accompanied by his sister and brother-in-law (a quickly arranged relationship), arrived at 42 Tupper street, and to the maid who answered the bell presented the card which I had obtained from Mrs. Simpson. It was taken to the Spaniards, who were just then at breakfast. "Very well," said Senor du Bose, "the house is open to them."

The maid then returned to the callers, and, placing the card in a tray on a stand at the foot of the stairs, ushered us to the upper floor. After passing through the front rooms, Mrs. Eckert keeping the maid engaged, my eyes began looking for something. When I had located it we went to the back of the house. Then Donaldson remembered that he had not counted the windows in the front of the house, and, leaving the rest of the party on the back porch, he returned to Lieut. Carranza's room. He was gone but a moment, but in that time a bulky document, all sealed and stamped, which had been lying on a desk, was transferred to the pseudo Englishman's inside pocket. Then the signal agreed upon was given, and we were escorted down the stairs. When the maid looked for the card in the tray, it, too, had disappeared.

A hurried inspection of the lower floor was made, and thanking the seniors we departed, the sister and brother-in-law taking a carriage at the first corner, while I went direct to the office of the United States Consul-General. The gentleman there refused to assist me or to have anything to do with the package.

About two o'clock that afternoon there was some excitement in the city of Montreal, and the local hawkshaws were very busy visiting saloons, &c. Meanwhile the sister and brother-in-law were taking part in a matinee performance, while Donaldson had some letters to write, and remained in his room until four p. m. Then, having decided how to handle what has since been known as the "Carranza letter," he proceeded to put his plan into execution.

The train leaving Montreal that night at seven was run by a Yankee crew (to their country always true), and concealed on the person of one of them was a rather large package, which he was to place in the United States mail when his train arrived at St. Albans, Vt. His service was well performed.

The next day was Sunday and the sister and brother-in-law being booked, took an early morning train for Toronto. I went to the station to see my friends off, and noticed several sleuths standing around looking wise. Returning to the hotel I learned that Joseph Kellert, manager of the Metropolitan Detective Agency, Montreal, had been arrested about 3 o'clock that morning, charged with stealing the Carranza letter. I was interested enough to ask a few questions regarding the details and was informed that a rival agency, in the employ of the Spaniards, had furnished the information against him, and that the maid at 42 Tupper street had "positively identified" him as one of a party that had visited the house. On the next day, after the letter had been translated and published and its importance to the United States established, I received instructions to proceed to Washington at once.

Arriving there I reported to my superior

officer and informed him that I was in no danger; that if I had not thought it best that I should remain in Montreal I should have brought the letter to the United States personally, and expressed a desire to be permitted to return at once.

The next day, after shaving off my beard, obtaining apparel of the fashion then worn by Frenchmen in Montreal, and with a travelling kit, such as is used by a type writer agent, I went back, stopping this time at St. Lawrence Hall. I was soon handing out cards inscribed, "Charles E. Stanton, Agent Blank Typewriter," and expatiating on the merits of the machine I represented. This was a good blind, enabling me to reach places and persons that any other stall would have prohibited.

During my second stay in Montreal the agents of the Spanish gentlemen, mostly the principals and employees of a local detective agency, were endeavoring to persuade, and did persuade a number of young Englishmen and Canadians to enlist in the military service of the United States, there to act as spies. Each one was examined by Lieut. Carranza and, after passing, was supplied with about \$100 in cash and a silver band ring, bearing the inscription inside, "Infierzi Augustina." Each then received his instructions and was told how to reach the recruiting rendezvous nearest to Tampa. Unfortunately for the Spaniards, one of the men thus engaged, after getting his money, ring and advice, instead of following instructions, proceeded to get drunk. When he became sober he had the ring and remembered part of the advice. But the money was gone.

Then the spy-that-was-to-be had a violent attack of remorse, and called on a man who had frequently favored him, to whom he told his experience and asked for advice, at the same time surrendering the spy ring. Information concerning this reached me through regular channels soon afterward, with instructions to run it out. Within two days I had possession of the spy ring and the full story, but the man, fearing for his life, had engaged on a cattle steamer and was then on his way to Liverpool, England. With the approval of my superior I began at once to plan for the man's return to this side of the water, and securing the name of the vessel and its sailing date, cabled him a decoy message, in care of the line agent, saying that a good situation awaited him, and signing the name of his former benefactor. He answered that he would come if his passage was prepaid. This was easily arranged, of course.

On July 5, 1898, in company with his friend, whom we had enlisted in our cause, I was on the wharf at Quebec when the steamer which brought the man back was made fast, and in a few moments was in conversation with him. I explained that he had the refusal of employment at the Saratoga race track. He was much pleased swallowed hook and all, and readily consented to accompany me. We took a train on the Canadian Pacific Railroad for Montreal, arriving there just in time to race across the city and board a train on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, which left at 7 p. m. My man was not the most presentable person on that train, having crossed in the steerage, but we made him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

As soon as the train had crossed the line I took him into the smoking compartment and told him that he was my prisoner and that I was taking him to Washington, where he could be properly punished as a spy. He broke down completely, whereat I explained that if he would tell me all we knew he could tell it might be possible to save him, but that if he expected to get any favors he must speak the truth and nothing else.

I impressed him with the fact that I knew all about his experiences with the Spaniards, and that the names of all the others whom he knew as having been engaged by Carranza could easily be learned. This led him to give the names of his acquaintances who were in the spy system, together with the details of the assignments to each other as he remembered them. That night he occupied the berth above mine, but I don't believe he slept well. I slept not at all.

On arrival at the Grand Central Station, New York, we went down town, where I had my man take a bath, after which he was fitted out with such changes as were necessary, and we crossed to Jersey City, taking the first train for Washington. On arrival I reported to my superiors at headquarters.

The next day we went to the office of the Judge Advocate General of the Army, where, in the presence of witnesses, we obtained a thirty page confession, which my man signed and made oath as to the truth thereof. Newspaper readers may remember the arrests of spies in various places which followed this confession.

While I was in Washington Lieut. Car-

ranza disappeared mysteriously from Montreal, and on my return there I learned that Senor du Bose was also preparing to embark, the government of Canada having ordered both of these gentlemen to go. As it was urgent that the whereabouts of Carranza should be known, I determined to take another character. Therefore, after learning that Senor du Bose was to board his vessel that night, I called on his friend, C. N. Blakely, and, representing myself as a newspaper man, succeeded in "conning" Blakely, impressing him with the opportunity here presented for du Bose to tell us "friendly Canadians" a farewell story. That very morning du Bose had appeared to the extent of a column in the Gazette, with his views on the order for his expulsion, and Mr. Blakely agreed to arrange matters so that I could have a talk with du Bose that night before he retired.

About 10 P. M. I was at the Dominion Line wharf, and in a shorter time a carriage containing Blakely, du Bose and a lot of luggage drove up. After the police had cleared the way (a large crowd having assembled) I had little difficulty in gaining admission to the shed, and was soon talking with Blakely, who escorted me to a little office and said that he would bring Senor du Bose. In a few moments (which seemed like a week) he returned with du Bose and the Messrs Torrence. After the proper introductions I was left alone with Senor du Bose, and, replying to his questions satisfactorily, he proceeded to swallow a few sections of my "pump." He referred to the whereabouts of Lieut. Carranza and also to his intentions and those of his government as to the further conduct of the war. He gave me enough information of a valuable kind to warrant me in sending, at 2 o'clock the next morning, a message of considerable length in cipher, which was "not good" for the Spaniards, as prior to his arrival at Liverpool our forces had possession of the plans that had been made known to me.

### The Crowning Production Of a Great Physician.

#### PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

The Great Life Renewer and Health Giver.

### A Noted Physician's Opinion.

Paine's Celery Compound was the crowning production of America's most eminent physician—Professor E. E. Phelps, M. D. Such a physician could only give what was worthy of his great and elevated character to suffering humanity. His best hours were devoted to the perfecting of what is now known in millions of homes in Britain, Europe and on this continent as Paine's Celery Compound, nature's food medicine for the nerves, brain and blood.

After our long winter and late spring, a host of people of every age have been left in a weak, languid and depressed condition of health. The nerves are unstrung, the body is emaciated, the blood is stagnant and impure, digestion is faulty and constipation is doing its deadly work.

Your safety, health and future physical happiness demand the immediate use of Paine's Celery Compound, whose marvelous virtues are recognized by our ablest physicians, many of whom make personal use of it in their homes. Dr. A. W. K. Newton, writing to the proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound, says: "The formula of Paine's Celery Compound led me to give it a personal trial, and I was much pleased with the result. I prescribe it for men and women who have no appetite, cannot sleep, and for the weak and rundown. For this condition, and for disorders of the blood and nerves, it has no equal. It is the best possible remedy to keep up one's strength and energy during the spring and summer months."

#### Flight and Song.

A pretty fancy put into charming words is that of a young lark's flight, told by J. M. Barrie, in Scribner's Magazine:

A baby lark had got out of its nest sideways, a fall of a foot only, but a dreadful drop for a baby.

"You can get back this way," its mother said, and showed it the way. But when the baby tried to leap, it fell on its back. Then the mother marked out lines on the ground on which it was to practise hopping, and it got along beautifully so long as the mother was there every moment, to say, "How wonderfully you hop!"

"Now teach me to hop up," said the little lark, meaning that it wanted to fly; and the mother tried to do it in vain. She could soar up, up, very bravely, but she could not explain how she did it.

"Wait till the sun comes out after rain," she said, half-remembering.

"What is sun? What is rain?" the little bird asked. "If you cannot teach me to fly, teach me to sing."

"When the sun comes out after rain," the

mother replied, "then you will know how to sing."

The rain came and glued the little birds wings together.

"I shall never be able to fly nor to sing!" it wailed.

Then of a sudden it had to blink its eyes for a glorious light had spread over the world, catching every leaf and twig and blade of grass in tears, and putting a smile into every tear. The baby bird's breast swelled, it did not know why; it fluttered from the ground it did not know why.

"The sun has come out after the rain!" it thrilled. "Thank you, sun! Thank you! thank you! O mother! Did you hear me?" I can sing!"

Then it floated up, up, calling, "Thank you! thank you! thank you!" to the sun. "O mother do you see me? I am flying."

#### SHE COULD DABBLE, TOO.

How a Woman Broke Her Husband of Taking Risks in the Stock Market.

He was a business man making a nice little sum every year for nest-egg purposes besides extending his business, and slowly but surely moving along toward Easy St. Yet he was not content, and in the hope of forcing the hand of Fortune, was doing some trading in the stock market. His wife said it was gambling, pleading with him to stop. He insisted that it was perfectly legitimate and regular, and she finally admitted that he was right and gave up the contest.

His wife gave him no further trouble until one Sunday morning she appeared ready for church in a handsome new cloak. He wanted to know where she got it, and she told him he would learn by and by. He went to church with her, feeling uncomfortable. He kept his peace, however, and said no more until the next Sunday, when she appeared in a rich black silk gown. He asked questions, but got no answers that were satisfying. All that week he worried so over that cloak and the silk that he lost his grip on the market and fell short seriously. Sunday came again, and this time she had a pair of diamonds in her ears that fairly dazzled his eyes.

He hadn't a spark of jealousy in his nature and he believed implicitly in his wife, but this was really too much.

She calmly took from her desk a lot of blanks with which he was quite familiar, and handed them to him.

"They are the records of my transactions in stocks recently," she said, with an air of triumph. "I borrowed \$50 on the diamond ring you gave me when we were married, and handed it over to brother Charlie to invest for me. I told him you said it was all right, and he did as I told him to do. I didn't know a thing in the world about it, of course, but I was lucky and I have made \$1,500, and if the luck doesn't go against me I'll make another thousand next week. It is too easy for anything, and you know, dear, you showed me so clearly that there was nothing wrong in it. I have paid our share of the preacher's salary, too, for the next year, and I'm thinking of organizing a Daughters of the Stock Market in the church. Won't it be lovely?"

"Mary, my dear," he said, solemnly, "if you'll quit I will," and Mary, after the manner of women, began to cry, she was so glad that it turned out just as it did.

#### A Yiddish Argument.

Ecstein—Rachel, I hat thought it all ouet and prootet it by mademadics dot ef you lit on noodle soup for der negxt twenty year, you vill be a millionaire.

Rachel (in ecstasies)—Got in Himmel! Solomon, how is dot?

Ecstein—Vell, you chust paid der dentist a hundred dollus for der gold dot he pud in your teeth, nicht?

Rachel—Dot's so, Solomon.

Ecstein—Vell, der gold mines in Soud Africa have stobbed, and gold vill begin to go up and up and up. Now, if you ead nodding but noodle soup to save der wear and tear, ven you come to die you vill haf a safety-deposit vault in your face, filled mit houses and lots, horzes and garriages, Veel x gowns and boxes at der opera to leave your chilluns and maig dem habby.

Rachel (breathlessly)—Solomon, I swear dod from dis dime lord I nod only eads me my noodle soup drough a straw, bud I'll keep my moud shud and dalk drough my nose, by chibineddy!

Ecstein—No, Rachel. You vant [to be ouet of demptation. Use a slade and bencil.

"There goes that Jerry Bilson. I wonder if he is going to school or going fishing?" "Take a peep in his basket. If he has jam spread over his geography he is going to school; if he has a painted cork projecting from a rubarb pie he is going fishing."

"Is this a healthy town?" inquired the man who was in search of a balmy climate. "Healthy!" echoed the land agent. "Why man the only undertaker in town had to blow out the gas to give himself a job."